MARVEL

18

LGY#183

DONNY CATES
IBAN COELLO
RAIN BEREDO

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE TIE-IN

VENOM

DISGRACED REPORTER EDDIE BROCK STUMBLED UPON AN AGGRESSIVE ALIEN ORGANISM CALLED A SYMBIOTE DURING ONE OF THE LOWEST POINTS OF HIS LIFE. THE TWO WERE JOINED AND USED THEIR COMBINED LUST FOR VIOLENCE TO MAKE THEIR CITY SAFER AS THE LETHAL PROTECTOR...

VENOM

YEARS AGO, THE OFFSPRING OF THE VENOM SYMBIOTE BONDED WITH THE SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY, CREATING VENOM'S GREATEST FOE: CARNAGE. BUT THE SYMBIOTE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH A CHILD; EDDIE NOW HAS A SON NAMED DYLAN.

WITH VENOM AWAY FIGHTING CARNAGE, DYLAN AND EX-SYMBIOTE HOST NORMIE OSBORN WERE LEFT IN THE CUSTODY OF THE MAKER. BUT THEY WERE SOON ATTACKED BY FOUR OF CARNAGE'S MINIONS—THE LIFE FOUNDATION SYMBIOTES RIOT, PHAGE, LASHER AND AGONY. CORNERED AND READY TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES, DYLAN AND NORMIE WERE SUDDENLY SAVED BY ANOTHER SYMBIOTE NAMED SLEEPER!

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"HELLO, DYLAN.

"MY NAME IS *SLEEPER.*

"SEVENTH SPAWN OF THE ONE YOU CALL *VENOM.*

"I HAVE BEEN GONE FOR A LONG TIME, EXPLORING THE COSMOS IN SEARCH OF ANSWERS.

"ANSWERS I WISH I DID NOT KNOW.

"I ROAMED THE GALAXY FOR SOME TIME.

"UNSURE OF MY PLACE IN IT.

"SUCH STORIES I COULD TELL YOU...

"AND THEN...ACROSS THE VOID...I *FELT* IT.

"SOMETHING... PULLING ME.

"SPEAKING TO ME. ***CALLING*** ME.

"TELLING ME THAT THIS PLANET WAS HOME.

"THIS PLANET...

"...OF SYMBIOTES.

AGH!

"THE HORDE TRIED TO CLAIM ME.

"TO AID THEM IN THEIR FIGHT.

"I DID NOT UNDERSTAND. BUT IN ITS THRALL I SAW ITS TRUTH.

"WHAT THIS LIE OF A PLANET HELD IN ITS CORE.

"I HEARD ITS SLEEPING PRISONER'S VOICE.

"'I AM COMING,' IT SAID.

"'I WILL BE FREE.'

"I BURNED THE CONNECTION AWAY BY SECRETING A POWERFUL BADOON ACID WITH MY CHEMOKINESIS--

"--MY UNIQUE ABILITY TO PRODUCE CHEMICALS FROM MY FORM.

"I KNEW, INSTINCTUALLY, THAT I WOULD BE NEEDED ON EARTH WHEN THE ***KING IN BLACK*** ARRIVED.

"AND SO I RACED BACK..."

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REX'S SAFE HOUSE.
VENOM HQ.
NOW.

...ONLY TO FIND YOU.

SO... YOU'RE MY BIG BROTHER'S... KID?

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US? LIKE... COUSINS?

AH... NO.

UNLIKE YOU, I AM NOT RELATED TO EDDIE.

I AM THE CHILD OF *THE OTHER.* OF VENOM.

OKAY. SO, LIKE... WHO ARE **YOU,** THOUGH?

LIKE... UNDERNEATH?

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MY HOST IS A KREE SOLDIER NAMED TEL-KAR.

THOUGH, AS YOU CAN SEE...

...I AM THE ONE IN CONTROL.

AGH!

NO!

OH. YES, I'M SORRY.

TEL-KAR'S BODY HAS LONG SINCE DIED. IT IS...RATHER GRUESOME, I SUPPOSE.

THOUGH, I WONDER...

...IF I COULDN'T BE OF GREATER SERVICE...WITH A NEW HOST.

AFTER ALL...

...WE ARE STRONGER WHEN WE AREN'T ALONE...

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RAGHHH!!!

UNDEAD

Rest easy, boys...

...that should be the last of them.

No need to thank me.

Bit of a struggle to get the rest of these monsters into containment units, but, of course, I've done it.

We'll get this last one in with the others and then dispose of them accordingly.

We'll also put this...body in with the other hosts and remove their--

NO! NO, SLEEPER IS GOOD! HE'S NOT LIKE THE--

"Sleeper"?

Oh, Dylan. Don't name them.

And certainly do not *trust them.*

WAIT...ARE THOSE THE PEOPLE THE SYMBIOTES WERE ATTACHED TO?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO THEM? YOU AREN'T GOING TO--

Kill them? No, child. I'm going to extract their codex.

The symbiotes I'll kill.

And as soon as I am done with them, we'll place your little friend in the machine and be done with this--

NO!

NO, I ALREADY TOLD YOU WE AREN'T DOING ANYTHING TO NORMIE UNTIL EDDIE AND SPIDER-MAN GET BACK TO--

The child is a target, and I will not endure another one of these attacks while the solution to the problem is so obvious and simple.

I do not require your permission. So stand aside...

...I have lives to save.

RAGHHH!!!

OH GOD! OH GOD, PLEASE! IT HURTS!

AGHHH!!!

PLEASE MAKE IT STOP! OH GOD, THE PAIN!

Mmmm...

They shouldn't be conscious at all.

Well. That's interesting.

DYLAN...

I'M...I'M SCARED.

PLEASE DON'T LET HIM PUT ME IN THAT MACHINE...

...

I WON'T.

I PROMISE.

Yes, yes.

Everything is fine. That screaming? Oh no, the boys are watching television. Dylan is fine.

I had a free minute for lunch, so I hacked the FBI's database.

Edward...I need to tell you something about that mass grave.

WHAT IS IT? DID THEY...

DID THEY FIND ANNE?

That's just it, Edward...

...her body wasn't there.

Carnage did not dig Anne Weying up.

I don't believe she did when she died, Eddie.*

*TO HEAR THE REST OF THIS CONVERSATION, READ **ABSOLUTE CARNAGE #2!** --EDITOR

OKAY. OKAY.

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.

HOW?

I DON'T KNOW. THAT GUY--***THE MAKER*** OR WHATEVER HE CALLS HIMSELF--HAS THE ENTIRE BASE COVERED WITH PROXIMITY ALERTS AND ALARMS AND STUFF.

THEN... WHAT DO WE--

JUST... LET ME THINK...

OKAY. OKAY, DYLAN. THINK.

WHAT WOULD EDDIE DO?

HE WOULD DO...

EDDIE WOULD DO SOMETHING...

SOMETHING...

...STUPID.

HEY, @#%& FACE!

=sigh=

Yes?

WE'RE LEAVING.

AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

Ha. Oh dear.

Oh no.

And why is that, child?

Because you're going to...what? *Kill me,* are you?

NO...

BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A LITTLE BUSY.

NO!

SHRAK-

KRAK-

KRAK

COME ON, COME ON!

I'M GOING!

Computer: evasive defensive--

Agh!

REEEED! AH!

WHAT... WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

I DON'T KNOW... THEY'RE...

...THEY'RE ALL COMING TOGETHER...

JOINING INTO ONE MASSIVE...

N-no! *No!*

...HYBRID.

RAAAGHHHH!!!

WHAT DO WE--

RUN!

RAGGGHH!

BOOM

WE'LL CUT THE CODEX OUT OF YOU, BOY!

COME ON! COME ON!

I CAN'T!

YOU HAVE TO GO GET HELP!

I'M NOT LEAVING YOU, NORMIE!

HE ONLY WANTS ME, DYLAN. I CAN DISTRACT--

NO!

YOU HAVE SOMETHING WE NEED!

AND YOU, LITTLE GOBLIN...

...ARE IN OUR WAY!

UGH!

WH-WHAT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

YOU...HAVE NO...IDEA...DO YOU?!

WE... TOGETHER... CAN SENSE...

MAKER KNOWS... AND NOW...

...SO DO WE.

GET... AWAY...

...FROM ME!

AH. THERE YOU ARE...

BOOOM

KLANG

GAHH!

EXCUSE ME, SON...

...MIND IF WE CUT IN?

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:

STAN'S SOAPBOX

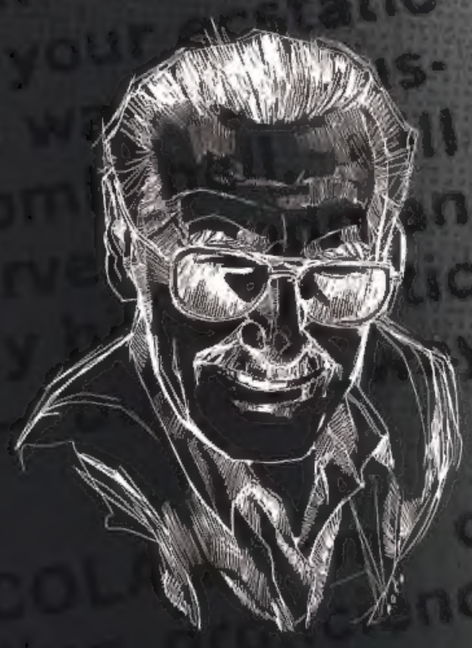
For many years we've been trying, in our own bumbling way, to illustrate that love is a far greater force, a far greater power than hate. Now we don't mean you're expected to go around like a pirouetting Pollyanna, tossing posies at everyone who passes by, but we do want to make a point. Let's consider three men: Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of peace, whose thoughts and deeds have influenced countless millions throughout the ages — and whose presence still is felt in every corner of the earth. Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of good will, men of tolerance, and especially men of love. Now, consider the practitioners of hate who have sullied the pages of history. Who still venerates their words? Where is homage still paid to their memory? What banners still are raised to their cause? The power of love — and the power of hate. Which is most truly enduring? When you tend to despair . . . let the answer sustain you.

Excelsior!

Smiley

GRAINGER, North Carolina . . . our pal SAL BUSCEMA, Virginia; while Jaunty J. STERANKO and Joltin' J. CRAIG both have their pads in Pennsylvania . . . Torrid TOM SUTTON, Massachusetts . . . JIM (Madman) MOONEY, Connecticut . . . and Valiant VINCE COLLETTA, Jumpin' JOHNNY SEVERIN, and Genial GENE COLAN, all nesting in New Jersey! The rest of us share the same high taxes and traffic jams in New York and Long Island — darn it! (And we never DID find out where Honest Irv holes up!)

Now, before cutting out, we've just gotta tell you about Jolly SOLLY BRODSKY. A few days ago he announced that he, stunned the children were finally



STAN LEE
FOREVER